



Original Poetry.

"SWEET MOTHER."

Written for the Middletown Transcript,
BY THE ODESSA BARD.

Seven summers had smiled on that noble head,
And kissed that fair young brow,
And the soft winds loved with those curls to play,
As buds amid leafy boughs.

There was promise and hope in that clear, blue eye,
There was truth in that guileless heart—
And the gentle spirit—all sweetly told—
That the mother had done her part.

Every plant had been watered with holy tears,
And nurtured with pious care,
Until vigorous, sanctified, blessed and embalm'd
By that sainted mother's prayers.

She beheld with delight the unfolding leaves,
The expanding flower within,
The pure young soul in its fragile cell,
But free from the stain of sin.

"Oh! Father in Heaven," the mother cried,
"Oh! spare me my precious boy
If he Thy will that he may live,
My darling, my pride, and joy."

"Thou only knowest that love, which gives
To a mother's heart, the power
To bridge the chasm of weary nights
With the vigils of sleepless hours."

"Thou only seest the anxious watch,
And hearest the constant prayer
For strength, submission, and hope at the last,
That I may behold him there."

And the Angel came that long, long night,
And the Roper stood close by
With his sickle, to gather that sweet young flower
To perfume the courts on high.

In that mother's arms the sufferer lay,
With his wan lips, pale and thin,
Just parting to add the spirit's flight
From the pearly gates within.

Still as the grave was that chamber of death,
As the mother called to her dead,
For her ears had caught the last whispering breath
"Sweet Mother"—twas all he said.

Odesa, Del. June, 1868.

Popular Tales.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY ROSE RAYLAND.

I had never seen her. So that night I stood by the south window, looking toward the road along which the carriage must come.

My brother wrote that it would arrive by the Saturday steamer, and it was then Monday night.

There was only two of us—my brother and myself. Our parents died years before, and we lived but in each other, until one year before the date of my story.

Frank (that was my brother's name) was a dozen years older than I. Yet we were always confidants in spite of the lack of years on my part, and I looked on my brother as the bravest, and handsomest fellow in the world. I have but very little memory of my mother, for I was very young when I lost her; but I have never felt the want of her care, in the depth of love my dear brother lavished upon me.

We were left in good circumstances, my brother and I, besides owning the dear old homestead where my eyes first saw the light.

It was a lovely place, that old home of ours—situated as it was, on the left bank of the Hudson, and commanding a full view of that noble river.

The house was old fashioned, even in my memory of long ago, and quaint in style, for it was built by our French ancestors; but it was still unmistakably elegant, and replete with every comfort and luxury.

The principal rooms opened upon a large balcony or promenade, that fronted toward the river. The drawing room took in one end of the balcony toward the south side, and it was at one of the windows in that room I stood waiting to welcome my brother and his wife.

Frank went to Europe one year before with a college chum to "do the continent," leaving me to the companionship of my old governess, for I had long before finished my education. Of course I grieved terribly after him at first, but by and by his frequent letters came and consoled me. All went quietly with me at the homestead; I saw but little company in his absence, and looked hopefully for his return.

At last the tone of his letters changed. They did not grow less affectionate, but were more gossipy and filled with glowing descriptions of a lady whom he had met in Florence at the house of the American Consul. I do not know that I particularly disliked this. The feeling I think was more of sadness and lest my brother might become the victim of some beautiful designing woman than anything else.

I honestly think I did not consult my own feelings of selfishness in this matter; I only thought of his happiness. I remember writing him rather a long letter, detailing some of my fears in this respect, and receiving one in answer, thanking me for my sisterly regard, and assuring me that the beautiful Italian was scarcely more than a child in the world's experience, and one far above him in a worldly point of view. Still he thanked me, and to show that he appreciated my advice he would instantly leave the neighborhood of the lady and proceed to Rome.

After this I was completely happy and contented. I received one more long letter, written two weeks after the other, telling me that he had done as he proposed, and was nicely domiciled in the ancient city of Rome. It was quite a long letter, detailing in full his travels and sight-seeing, and joking me upon my jealousy of any other female winning a place in his heart.

Two weeks more passed when I received a hurried note—I can't call it a letter—in-forming me that he was married, and after a short tour he and his bride would leave for home!

I cannot describe my feelings on the receipt of that news. It almost stunned me. All manner of wild thoughts rushed through my brain. My brother Frank married! I could scarcely credit it; and then his wife—who and what was she?

What was she like—some horrid Italian, who had evidently used a battery of art to captivate my brother? He had not even mentioned her name. How could I receive this woman who had usurped my place in my brother's heart? I am quite sure I indulged in woman's pangs for sorrow and vexation—a burst of angry tears. I had never thought of Frank's marrying without a corresponding thought of loving his wife. Yet how could I love this woman—and would she like me? Those were the thoughts that kept continually rushing through my brain.

One thing I resolved to do, and that was, love her if possible, for Frank's sake. So I gave orders to the servant to have everything in readiness for the return of their master and his bride. I put the rooms in order myself which Frank had designated as hers—those which opened off the drawing room, and had a full view of the town and river. They were our mother's rooms, and had never been used since her death.

"Surely," thought I, as I glanced around the room, "I will be pleased with her new home." Giving a last touch to the folds of the heavy curtains, I leaned out of the window and gazed upon a pleasant future.

The sun was slowly sinking in mountains of purple and golden clouds, casting its glittering rays upon the winding water below. The smooth lawn stretching to the abrupt cliff at the river's bank, around which a rustic fence had been constructed more for ornament than use, and the many arbors dotting the grounds, over whose trellis work the honeysuckle and rose vined, with each other in luxuriant beauty. The broad carriage road, stretching nearly a mile through the estate, until stopped by the porter's lodge, along whose sides the dear old lime trees formed a border, and meeting at the top, shaded the road completely. I turned and looked at the room in which I stood. If the outside was pleasant, surely this was equally so. Yet some might call it gloomy from its dark mouldings, and high old fashioned wainscoting, and its heavy damask hangings, which were still up, though it was midsummer; but to me it was the pleasantest room in the house.

As I look around the room how little has it changed in the years that have flown away. The same pictures of my grim ancestors grace the walls; the same Egyptian vases, like sentinels fill the corners. The open piano stands in its old place between the windows, but it is many a long day since the sound of music was heard in this house—not since that dreadful night when—

But I will continue my story. I remember so well taking a last peep at their rooms. Nothing was wanting, and I smiled as I thought of Frank's pleasure in noting the improvements I had made, for instead of the crimson velvet curtains that had draped the high chaise bedstead, blue silk and white lace reigned. Two dressing cabinets joined the room, and through the open doors a glimpse of white lace and fresh cut flowers completed the picture. I must have been lost in thought a long time for I was roused from my reverie by the near sound of carriage wheels. They had come! I think I was foolish enough to turn pale and come near fainting. But Miss Sears, my dear old governess came to my relief and placing her arm around my waist led me to the porch, where the carriage had nearly arrived. One moment more and it stopped; another and I was clasped in the arms of my brother Frank. After kissing me a dozen times, and calling me his dear sister Alice, he turned toward the carriage, and there in the door, with one foot in the act of stepping to the porch, stood the loveliest picture I have ever gazed upon! A little fairy-like creature, dressed in the deepest mourning, with a perfect hair of pale golden hair about her head and shoulders. I had no time to notice further, for my brother caught her in his arms and placed her in front of me with the words:

"Nina, my darling, this is our sister, Alice."

She put up the loveliest rosebud of a month for a kiss, and then I saw for the first time the soft brown eyes, with their silken fringe which had won my brother. In a second all my fears vanished and I saw that I would experience no difficulty in learning to love my brother's wife.

Mine was the task to show "Nina" to her room, for Frank had a thousand things to say to the old servants, and as I led the little childish creature I could not help but smile at the different ideas I had formed of her. A valet and French maid had already arrived and were busy unpacking the luggage.

Nina glanced around the room with the happy expression of a pleased child, her eye caught a picture of my mother hanging over the mantel-piece, and she inquired in a half whisper:

"Who is that?"
"My mother," I answered.
"And Frank's mother, and my mother?" She looked at me half doubting.
"Of course, our mother." She put the faintest smile of a hand in mine and said:
"You are my sister too. You are not angry with me for loving Frank, are you?"
"No! I am very glad."
"You are glad? What for?"
"Because, through your love for him I

gained a sister. She smiled such a pleasant, happy smile, and said:

"And I have found a sister, Alice. How strange it sounds—a sister, Alice. Do you know I was afraid to come here because—"

"What mischief are you two brewing already?" and Frank stood in the doorway.

Nina is telling me that she was afraid of me.

"Yes, rather—but you are not now, darling, are you?"

"Oh, no; not now."

"There, that was emphatic enough to suit anybody, and now are you not going to make me a slight toilet? See Maria stands there with an infant's dress in her hand, waiting for you!"—and Frank laughed.

"Now really, Frank, you ought to be ashamed. He is always laughing at me, sister Alice, for being such a little person."

"I beg your pardon, Nina, I will try to think of you as a lady of colossal figure, if you will hurry with your toilet, for I am rather hungry and tea is ready any time we are ready for it."

Nina followed Marie to the dressing-room. Frank caught me in his arms once more, telling me how happy he was in being home, and how blessed he was in the possession of his little wife.

You will love her, Alice, for my sake, will you not?"

"How could I help loving her for her own sake?"

"True, how could you? She is all that is amiable and lovely. Dear little Nina? I hope she will like her new home. Be tender of her, Alice, for the rough winds have scarcely ever blown upon her."

I needed no such charge, for how could I be otherwise than gentle to the pretty child-like creature.

After tea we sat in the drawing-room. My brother drew me to a seat beside him, and his wife reclined on an opposite sofa.

How lovely she looked! clad in a white Swiss robe—her hair falling in rippling masses to her waist, and half concealing her white shoulders.

Her dark eyes, with their long curling lashes; resting lovingly upon Frank and curiously upon me.

My brother looked at her with pride, and turning to me said:

"Alice I know you are wondering all the while where I found that little lady yonder—and by her leave I will tell you—shall I not, Nina?" And his looks sought the figure opposite. A bright smile and a deep blush was all the answer.

"Well, Alice, we met by chance at Florence. Nina was visiting at the house of the American Consul, and one evening there was a grand ball and diplomatic entertainment given there. Was I fortunate enough to get an invitation? I was fortunate, Nina." Again the smile and the blush, but still silent. So Frank continued.

"I saw but one during the evening—a lady in white and—Glimmer and Pearls," who was very imperious in her treatment of a certain titled bearded gentleman that looked daggers at any one who dared raise her eyes to that "Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

I suppose I must have been gazing in a sort of idiotic admiration upon the little lady, for a friend took pity on me and gave me an introduction. Well, we talked about the ball and the people. The learned that I was an American, and so the little lady was very gracious, much to the bearded gentleman's indignation. I discovered that Signora Nina Cartelli was an orphan, the Spanish ward of the Duke of Salla, who was father to the bearded gentleman. It needed no words to convince me that the son was deeply in love with the fair Nina, and that the arrangement was anything but agreeable to the lady herself. So I resolved to put forth all my powers of conversation to relieve her of as much of his society as possible.

"I succeeded so well that before the entertainment closed Nina invited me to call upon her at her guardian's, where she would return the following day."

"The Villa de Salla was about four miles out of Florence, and you may rest assured Alice I was not tame in accepting the invitation. On my first visit I was received most cordially, and the result was that Nina and I became very good friends. All the time I had been growing more and more distasteful to the Duke's son, and my friend began to get fearful lest some plot would be put under foot to get them quietly out of the way."

"About this time I began to find that mine was no common friendship for the little lady, and like any honorable man I waited upon the Duke and asked permission to visit Nina as a suitor. I was refused with haughty scorn and assured that she was promised to the Duke's son."

What more was left me? My warning letter came about that time, Alice, and besides I never dreamed of Nina caring for a rough fellow like me."

"Oh, Frank," and the dark eyes on the sofa were looking reproachfully at him.

I could see that they were full of tears. Frank saw them too, and beckoned her to come to him. Nestling beside him, his arm thrown protectingly around her, the happy smile returned to her lips.

"Well, Alice, the end was, I resolved to leave for Rome the next day."

"I was determined though to see Nina once more to say good-bye, and with that object in view I rode to the Villa de Salla."

"I saw her, and at last rose to say farewell, after telling her that I had come for the sole purpose of doing so. Poor child! she tried hard to keep back her

tears and appear womanly and dignified. I saw from her manner that she cared a little for me—how much I did not then know—but relying upon the assurance of the duke that she was betrothed to his son—honored kept me silent. Her agitation nearly broke my resolve—but I succeeded in commanding myself—and at last bade her farewell!

I went to Rome the next day, and tried to cure my hopeless passion by an interest in artist life.

Two weeks from my arrival there I read an extract from a Florence paper, stating that the Duke de Salla had died suddenly at his villa, and his beautiful wife would retire to a convent until the period of her mourning expired, when she would espouse the new Duke de Salla. I cannot tell you, Alice, how I felt on reading that paper, I almost resolved to leave immediately for home. One week more passed, and I heard nothing further. During the close of a sultry afternoon I sought a solitary thinking spot, in the vast garden that surrounded the Villa Colonna. I had been reading, and must have fallen asleep, for I was suddenly aroused by the sound of voices in a thicket of yew trees close beside me—one loud and commanding—the other soft and pleading, and so low that I could not understand the words. The tones of the male voice seemed familiar, as it angrily spoke: I tell you there is no alternative; you shall wed me, or you shall enter a convent for life. A young lady of your position must see the necessity of what I urge. It is vain to suppose that the young American who was presuming enough to seek your friendship will dare offer you his hand.

I think I must have felt an intuitive impression of who the persons were, for in one moment I had made my way through the labyrinth of yew trees, and was confronting no other than the Duke de Salla and my darling, Nina was half leaning against a rustic seat, her cheeks wet with tears, and her white hands clasped in an attitude of supplication.

The instant she saw me she gave a glad cry, and, regardless of all else, sprang to my arms, where she lay sobbing as if her heart would break.

Little more remains to be told, Alice. I had the courage then, before the duke, to tell her of my love. I learned that she had never been betrothed to him but by the will of her guardian, who had sole power over her. She was either to marry his son, and thereby inherit an equal share in the immense estate of the Duke de Salla, or be penniless. Then, having no alternative but that of entering a convent. The duke sneeringly told me that unless she married him she would be a beggar. What cared I! I felt rich in the discovery of Nina's love for me, and I told him that I would marry Nina that hour. I never saw rage and revenge so expressed in a countenance before, as was in his as we left him. Nina informed me that the convent she was to enter was situated a few miles from Rome. They arrived that day, and as a last resort, the Duke induced her to take a walk with him for the last time. She did so and I knew the rest. We were married that evening by the aid of an Italian priest; and the matter created quite a furor by its romantic termination among the visitors; but Nina and I were too happy to care much for the talk or romance.

"The next week we left for home and you Alice; so that is the whole story of how I found my darling."

"And Frank finished by pressing a kiss on the rosebud mouth. I could do no less than follow his example, which I did, feeling the tears gathering in my eyes, and breathing an inward blessing upon the pretty child wife, who gave up such a brilliant union according to the world's verdict through pure womanly devotion for my brother."

Days passed, and the feeling of sisterly love increased between Nina and myself. Yet as I look back at that time, through the midst of long departed years, I can see that my feelings were more such as a mother might have for a child than love of one sister for another. During the short time the sunshine of her presence shone upon us, no child was ever more tenderly loved than my brother's wife. She went through the old rooms, singing like a bird and making our home brighter than ever. All the servants in the house worshipped her, and in consequence submitted to numerous airs on the part of the French maid, Marie, who was not slow in displaying her superiority over them.

The summer faded into autumn tints, when Frank proposed to give a grand party in honor of Nina's eighteenth birthday, and to display that little lady's charms to his numerous friends. Of course Nina was delighted. So orders were given and invitations sent for "September 18th." Oh, how well I remember that fatal 18th!

Frank declared that Nina had not been married in the usual bridal finery, she should appear in full bride's costume on that night. "So a complete outfit was ordered in New York—dress, veil, etc.—with one exception: instead of the usual wreath of orange blossoms, Frank desired a circlet of pearls."

I remember Nina's impatience for the arrival of that day. At last it dawned. Guests came from all parts of the country, and the old homestead was filled with happy faces.

I went to my room to dress, for Nina wished me to oversee her toilet, as she laughingly said, "She was to be married over that night."

To please her I consented to dress more

elaborately than was my custom; and as I put the last finishing touches to my hair, I could not but confess that the child was right when she said, "Alice put on your girlish silk—it is your color;" for I never looked so well as on that night.

On entering her dressing room she met me with a kiss, and called Frank to admire me, saying,

"Oh, Frank, *cara mia!* See how beautiful sister Alice looks! Now Alice dear, you shall wear my ruby set, for it will just match your dress;" and despite my refusal she clasped the tiaras around my head.

"These are my birthday presents to you, sister *mio*, with all the love I have—after him, you know."

The last sentence was spoken in a whisper and a side glance at Frank.

"Now, Frank, you must leave the room."

"What for, little lady?"

"Why—because?"

"That's a woman's reason; give me a better one."

"Well, then—a gentleman has no business in a bride's apartment until the bride is dressed!" said Nina, with all the seriousness in the world.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," laughed Frank. "I had no idea what a horrible breach of delicacy I was guilty of;" and Frank shut the door, just escaping a Cinderella slipper which look its flight that way.

"Now, Marie, he's gone; hurry with my dressing."

Nina flung herself into an easy chair, and Marie began the task of brushing the pale gold hair.

"How am I to dress it, Madame!" said Marie.

Nina laughed a clear ringing laugh.

"Dress it? Not at all! Only brush it out. Frank wishes me to look as much like a mad person as possible to-night. Alice; so he has given me orders to neither braid or curl it. Only think how I will look with my locks hanging fancy free! I won't be a bad likeness of Lady Adela that ancestor of yours who was killed by her jealous lord. Will I Alice?"

"Nonsense, Nina, don't talk so. I confess I could not deny myself but she bore a striking resemblance to the beautiful but unfortunate Adela Marchioness de Pontell, who was murdered through the jealousy of her husband, and whose picture hung in the south drawing-room."

In a few moments Nina was dressed. The long sweeping train of white satin embroidered with silver ceased the little doll-like figure, and the lace veil hung like a mist about her head and shoulders. Nothing remained but the clasping of the circlet of pearls, which was to be Frank's sole privilege.

Marie summoned him, and in a moment Nina's toilet was complete. How proud and handsome my brother looked as he led her to the end of the drawing-room to receive our guests! Murmurs of admiration could be heard on all sides, for none had seen my brother's wife until that night; and as for Nina herself she looked like some fairy queen. Her pretty rosebud mouth was wreathed in smiles for all.

After the arrival of the guests the ball was opened by Nina and a friend of Frank's, who led the *Musical de la Cour*.

I remember that the room was much crowded and very warm, in consequence of which the numerous long windows fronting the balcony were opened, thereby giving the company a chance to promenade through the grounds and still obtain views of the dancers. I think it must have been about 11 o'clock. While all the merriment was at its height I saw Marie the French maid, make a sign to her mistress. Nina was talking and laughing in a circle of young people and did not notice her.

"So I went to Marie and asked her what was the matter. She said she had a note for Madame. 'A note!' Yes, a gentleman came up on the balcony, and gave her a note to deliver to the Madame. She thought the gentleman said it was a short note from Monsieur Latel."

"A note from Frank! Why, what in the world did he write to Nina for?" and wondering, I took the little folded paper and gave it to Nina. She opened it with a queer, puzzled look; then began to laugh.

"Why, how funny! It's from Frank. He wants me to come down to the summer-house on the edge of the cliff, for a moment. So excuse me ladies and gentlemen, and you *amico mio*, do the honors to this circle."

Gathering up her long train she laughingly left the room. We all could see the white figure as it flew down the walk in the moonlight, and at last disappeared in the summer house.

Some one asked for music, and a dozen proposed singing. So I, in compliance, went to the piano. Song after song followed, and I did not note the flight of time, until, looking up from the music, I saw Frank leaning on the end of the piano and looking anxiously around the room. Bending over toward me, he asked:

"Where is Nina, Alice?"

"Nina? Why, where did you leave her? Did she not come in with you?"

"Come in with me—what do you mean? I have not been out."

"Not been out?" I rose from the piano with a sense of something horrible growing upon me. It must have shown in my face, for Frank caught the look and grew white. Catching me by the arm, he asked:

"Where is Nina, Alice?"

Before I could reply a horrible scream sounded in our ears. Waiting for nothing more, I ran through an open window down the long gravel walk toward the

cliff. Frank was close beside me, and seemed to comprehend all.

Reaching the summer house, something white was seen clinging to the rustic trellis-work over the cliff. With one bound Frank reached it. At the same moment I saw another figure appear from the outer edge of the cliff. Something bright gleamed in the moonlight, and with a laugh that sounded like a fiend's, the figure leaped from the rock far down into the river below.

I reached Frank's side somehow, and there in his arms—the life blood crimsoning her bridal dress—lay Nina. Frank would not let a soul touch her but himself; so he carried her to their room and laid her upon the couch.

She was dying fast, for the hand that dealt the blow knew where to strike, but she whispered between the gasps:

"Cara Mio—I thought—it was you—who—sent for—me. That note—Frank—Alice, sister—oh, Cara Mio—don't let me die!"

"Oh, my darling, my darling," was all Frank could say, while his face was white and rigid.

Nina spoke again:

"Frank—he—he—said—I would—be his—in death! But I am yours—still—it is your arms—that are about me—I am—your wife—yet—Frank!" She raised up and looked slowly around the room—

"Frank?"

"I am here, darling, beside you, don't you know me?"

At the sound of his voice she leaned her head back on his arm and looked in his face, which he bent over her. Making a last effort she managed to get one arm about Frank's neck, and drew his face down to hers. The exertion was too much. There was a gush of blood from the lips, a quivering of the eyelids, and Nina had gone from us forever!

I am an old woman now, but I shall never forget the sight of that child-like figure lying there dead. The rich white dress crimsoned with blood, and the pale golden hair floating over the pillow and hiding the wound in the left breast. The veil had become loose, and lay in fleecy folds upon the bed and floor, but the circlet of pearls still bound her pure brow.

He buried her in the family vault, and ere one year Frank slept beside her. If ever man died of a broken heart, he did!

Two days after the murder of Nina, the body of the murderer was found, thereby only confirming our suspicions.

For Frank recognized in the mangled remains, the Duke de Salla, and Nina's would-be husband!

Many years have passed since the evening I waited in anxious expectation for the arrival of my brother's wife. Need I say I am waiting still? Not for her coming, but for the opening of the golden portals, near which she waits for me.

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.—"Mack, of the Cincinnati Commercial," writes from Washington: "The public printing office has just turned out one of the finest pieces of typographical workmanship ever executed in this country. It is a volume of 940 pages, about the size of a large pulpit or family bible, bound in the highest style of Tukey morocco, costing \$37 a volume. Its contents are the expressions of condolence, abroad and at home, on the death of Mr. Lincoln. It embraces everything on the subject, from Queen Victoria's letter to the resolutions of a town meeting in Boone county, Missouri. I am told the amount of money expended upon it exceeds \$100,000. A Democratic Congressman told me the other day that he would want no better argument for his constituents than the simple exhibition of that volume to prove the reckless extravagance of the administration. He added that he should carry his copy round with him in the next campaign, and show it to the people, to let them see what they have got for their hundred thousand dollars."

FOR PRESERVING FURS.—Ladies are often anxious about keeping furs free from moths during the summer months. Some one advises to send the requisite information for \$1. Darkness is all that is necessary. The "miller" that deposits the eggs from which moths are hatched only moves in light; the moths themselves work in darkness. Hang the furs in a very dark closet and keep the door shut; keep it always dark, and you can have no trouble. Spices are useless. And do not take the furs out in June or July for an "airing," for even then cometh the enemy, and it may be that in fifteen minutes after exposure, has deposited a hundred eggs.

Young man, when you call on a young lady, to take her out riding, walking, or to church, concert, or lecture, and she fidgets head-ache or other excuse, and you shortly afterwards meet her, escorted by another, don't call on her again,—it's a sign you're not wanted.

A Negro undergoing an examination when asked if his master was a Christian, replied, "No sa, he's a member of Congress."

Human glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrists.

Fanny Fern, it is reported, receives \$5,000 per annum for her contribution to the New York Ledger.

The more the waist is like an hour-glass the sooner the sands of life will run out.

The proceedings of the Democratic State Convention which met at Dover, on Wednesday last, were of the most orthodox and spirited character. The resolutions were well conceived and expressed. They have the ring of the true metal, and will be received with hearty approval, not only here but wherever they are read. If they may be taken as an index of the views of the party, generally, and we have no doubt that they may, there is little prospect of Mr. Chase or his principles receiving the slightest recognition in the National Convention. As a candidate we do not believe that his name will be mentioned.

A convention of Maryland editors is to be held at Baltimore, on Thursday, June 25th, to consider matters of vital importance to the interests of newspaper publishers. The Maryland editors formerly had a very effective organization, which was kept up for several years, until the breaking out of the war. We had the honor to be chosen President of that body, and Mr. Schofield, of the Patapsco Enterprise, Editor of the City, was Secretary and Treasurer. The organization proved to be highly beneficial. It had for its main objects, the establishment of a uniform price of advertising and jobbing, mutual protection against the swindling operations of city advertising agencies, and the elevation of the moral tone and sentiment of the newspaper press of Maryland. The members of the editorial fraternity were brought into closer association with each other, they became better acquainted, political asperities were softened and toned down, and the amenities of the press were less frequently violated. Our business and social reunions were of the pleasantest character. We dined and we wine and our hearts were entwined. There were some "good fellows" amongst us, with whom it was pleasant to associate, some of whom remain to this day, and cherish pleasant memories of "days long since," but some, alas! have passed away, and live only in the recollection of those who knew them while living, and honor them though dead.

THE VALUE OF PRINTER'S INK.—Cash & Co. Newark, Del. Manufacturers of the "Diamond State Thresher and Cleaner," are thoroughly testing the value of Printer's Ink. We don't open a paper, in Delaware or Maryland, but we find the advertisement of the Diamond State Thresher and Cleaner. Such liberality towards the press places it under an obligation to bring to public notice the excellence of the "Diamond State Thresher and Cleaner," which we are assured is a perfect paragon of its kind, and highly commended by all who have used it.

The following views of the *New York Tribune* just before the meeting of the Chicago Convention, and the suffrage plank in the platform, present an edifying picture:

"Republicans in all the States had better make up their minds at once that there cannot be two policies in the party at once—one for the North and one for the South. We cannot give the ignorant millions of freedmen in the rebel States the ballot, and at the same time refuse it to the educated thousands in the North. If we attempt such a jugglery, we shall find out that we have not cheated the negro, but ourselves."

Well, such a jugglery has been attempted, and the *Tribune* is now zealously supporting the "cheat." But the people are too wide awake to be deceived by it.

This is the day appointed for holding elections to nominate candidates for Sheriff and Coroner, to be supported by the Democratic party at the approaching general election. Polls will open at the usual places of voting in the respective Hundreds at 12 o'clock, M. and close at 7 P. M.

PROGRESS OF REACTION.—The following is a brief resume of the progress of reaction against radicalism:

Against the misrule of the Radical faction a reaction set in two years ago, which increased steadily, and is to-day growing with startling rapidity. The Democratic party has gained enormously at every point. It has carried the city of Boston and the State of Connecticut. It swept New York by forty thousand majority and it reduced a Radical majority of the same size in Ohio to almost nothing. It has been triumphant in California and in Oregon, and everything indicates that it will, in November next, utterly overwhelm the Radicals in Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. New York and Pennsylvania it can safely count on. On the question of negro suffrage the Radicals have been disastrously beaten everywhere. Even Michigan and Kansas have rejected the doctrine.

A Convention, composed of Conservative and Democratic soldiers, is to assemble in New York on the 4th of July.

Democratic State Convention Proceedings.

Pursuant to call of the Chairman of the State Executive Committee, the Democratic State Convention assembled in Convention at Dover, on the 17th inst. for the purpose of electing delegates to represent the State in the National Democratic Convention, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, to meet in the city of New York, on the 4th of July next.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. the Convention assembled in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and was called to order by Thomas F. Bayard, Esq. Chairman of the Executive Committee.

On motion of A. O. Newton, Esq. Mr. Geo. Lodge, of New Castle county, was elected temporary Chairman, and Geo. W. S. Nicholson, Esq. Secretary.

Major B. T. Biggs moved that the editors and reporters present be furnished with seats in the Convention, which was adopted. The roll of delegates was then directed to be called, when the following gentlemen responded:

New Castle County.—George Lodge, Eli R. Talley, Saml. Hooty, John Sharkey, J. J. Jarvey, James Deland, James Armer, C. F. Johnson, Benj. Chandler, John W. H. Rogers, T. F. Bayard, John H. Moore, Ignatius C. Grubb, C. B. Lyman, Jas. Springer, Morris Dickinson, Geo. Springer, Jonathan Galtin, E. G. Moe, Dr. S. Chandler, W. V. Collins, A. H. Fisher, Charles A. Linn, A. C. New, G. E. Brady, John T. Chas. Dr. E. Worrall, G. W. Adams, Joseph Martin, Wm. Dean, Wm. L. Wells, Dilworth, Samuel Townsend, Owen C. Crow, G. W. Davis, Thos. Perry, Thos. Deakins.

Kent County.—Wm. E. Collins, Wm. E. Hall, John M. Vothell, J. C. Stockley, Charles E. Foxwell, David S. Wild, John J. Hooty, J. J. Jarvey, James Deland, Benj. Chandler, John W. H. Rogers, T. F. Bayard, John H. Moore, Ignatius C. Grubb, C. B. Lyman, Jas. Springer, Morris Dickinson, Geo. Springer, Jonathan Galtin, E. G. Moe, Dr. S. Chandler, W. V. Collins, A. H. Fisher, Charles A. Linn, A. C. New, G. E. Brady, John T. Chas. Dr. E. Worrall, G. W. Adams, Joseph Martin, Wm. Dean, Wm. L. Wells, Dilworth, Samuel Townsend, Owen C. Crow, G. W. Davis, Thos. Perry, Thos. Deakins.

Major Biggs moved that a committee of three from each county be appointed to suggest suitable names for permanent officers. The committee made the following report, which was adopted:

President, George Lodge; Vice Presidents, Henry B. Fiddeman, William F. Jones; Secretaries, John H. Moore, John C. Stockley, Loxley R. Jacobs.

Thos. F. Bayard, Esq. moved that a committee of three from each county be appointed by the chair to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the Convention. The motion was carried, and the following gentlemen appointed:

Thomas F. Bayard, B. T. Biggs, Jas. C. Matthews, C. S. Watson, Robert J. Reynolds, Wm. B. Collins, G. W. S. Nicholson, Robert Davis, John S. Bacon, who retired.

On motion of Charles B. Lore, Esq. the Convention proceeded to select Delegates to the National Convention.

C. P. Johnson moved that the names of the delegates to the National Convention, fixed upon by the various counties, be reported to this Convention beginning with New Castle county, which was carried.

Mr. George Lodge, presented the names of Hon. James A. Bayard, Charles Beaten; Alternates, James H. Ray, Charles B. Lore.

Whiteley W. Meredith, Esq. of Kent county, presented the names of Thomas B. Bradford, George W. Cummins; Alternates, H. B. Fiddeman, Whiteley W. Meredith.

Paynter Frame, Esq. of Sussex, presented the names of C. S. Wright, James Ponder; Alternates, George W. S. Nicholson, Harbison Hickman.

Mr. Frame then moved that the names reported be the Delegates and Alternates to the New York Democratic National Convention, which motion was unanimously carried.

Dr. Nathan Pratt moved that a State Executive Committee of three from each county be appointed, which motion was carried. After some discussion a motion was made to reconsider the above, which prevailed, and the Executive Committee continued until the meeting of the next convention.

The Committee on business made the following report, which was read by its chairman, T. F. Bayard, Esq. During the reading the Convention manifested its approval of the labors of the committee by frequent applause.

Resolved, That the progress of Radicalism has well nigh overwhelmed and destroyed the institutions of our Government; that the end of the late civil war found the nation in a state of degradation, the national flag everywhere recognized and obeyed, and all the Southern States ready and willing instantly to renew, and in good faith to maintain the former relations of the Union in the Federal Union; but this restoration of the Union, which was the professed object of the war, has for upwards of three years been steadily prevented by the Radical majority in Congress, by their unrelenting hostility to the Southern people, widespread corruption, and blind fanaticism on the subject of the negro race.

Resolved, That the progress of our Government, and welfare of our people demand an immediate return to the primary principles upon which that Government was organized; that each branch of Government should be restricted to its proper limits and functions, and no powers permitted to be exercised save such as are duly delegated by the terms of the written Charter; that unless this rule be speedily followed, we shall have a consolidated tyranny in one branch to be followed soon by anarchy and ruin. That the whole course of legislation pursued by the Congress of the United States since the accession of President Johnson, has been marked by the most dangerous and flagrant invasions of the functions and prerogatives of the Executive and Judiciary, so that by means of legislative grossness in violation of the Constitution, the checks and balances of power which were devised to maintain each department independent in its proper sphere, have been gradually destroyed by the assumption and usurpations of the two houses of Congress, who must now be sternly checked by the action of the people.

Resolved, That the action of Congress towards the ten excluded States has been in wanton violation of the Constitution—of good faith, and of the laws of civilization and humanity; that we denounce the shameful frauds which by military aid have been perpetrated upon the people of those States under sham Conventions and elections, and declare the admission of the mock representatives into Congress under Constitutions so subverted to the intelligence and virtue of the white population of those States, to be an outrage no less upon the States of the North, than upon those of the South; that any alleged "amendment," passed by means of such admission, is of no legal or moral force, and should be repudiated by the whole country as a bartered fraud.

Resolved, That in the ten excluded States we witness the elevation of ignorance and depravity in the mixed band of negroes and unprincipled white adventurers, over the virtue and intelligence of the white population, with unmitigated horror and disapproval, and as citizens of a civilized and christian community, we denounce the party who have organized and effected such a monstrous outrage, and we protest against its existence or continuance as unnatural and wicked in the extreme.

Resolved, That the elective franchise is a political privilege and not a natural right, and is to be granted or withheld by the several States to their respective inhabitants, as in the free, sound judgment and discretion of each State shall be deemed best for the public interest and welfare.

Resolved, That the issue of negro equality distinctly made in this State by the Radical party, and sought dishonestly to be closed in their Convention at Chicago, is one against which now, as heretofore, we stand firmly and indignantly opposed in every shape and form which it may assume; that we denounce it as dishonest in its intent, and disgraceful to the party who now adopt it; that the proposition has not even the merit of a mistaken benevolence to the negro race, but is intended only to make political tools of an ignorant class totally unfitted by nature to assist in the wise government of a free people; and that the persons and the property of the negroes are, and shall always be, equally safe in Delaware as those of our white citizens; but they shall never be admitted to share political power in this State if we can prevent it.

Resolved, That the late attempted impeachment of President Johnson was a disgraceful and most dangerous attempt by Congress to destroy a co-ordinate branch of the Federal Government; that the means taken to effect this conviction, the character and conduct of the prosecution, were shameful and derogatory to the People of the United States in whose name the proceedings were conducted; that the impeachment was a base and cowardly attempt to deprive the President of his office, and to place in his stead a man who would be a mere puppet in the hands of the Congress.

Resolved, That the inquiry and the proceedings of the Committee of the House of Representatives upon impeachment headed by the infamous Benjamin F. Butler, merit the reprobation of every honest man who desires to maintain the rights of the citizen, and that four present laws afford no competent redress for such wrongs as those inflicted upon Charles W. Woolsey, of Ohio, that full legal remedies should instead be supplied in order that innocence and cruelty may not again be protected or justified by the order of a Committee, or House of Congress.

Resolved, That we regard negro rule in this country under its name of "imperial" or "universal suffrage," as the vital issue against which, as the champions of a Constitutional Government, we are bound to stand. We are bound to stand against it, and that our delegates to the National Convention to be held at New York, while left to their own sound discretion in selecting worthy candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, are hereby instructed to vote for no candidate who is not clearly and distinctly in favor of ruling this country by the virtue and intelligence of white men only.

Resolved, That we invoke to the standard of our party every citizen who wishes, in this critical hour of his country's history, to save us from lawlessness and anarchy; that the issues of the hour are vital, and all petty dissensions and former party differences must give way to an enlarged sense of patriotism, and, regardless of all former party views, we ask the aid and co-operation of every conservative and law-abiding man who wishes to live under a Government of laws, and transmit its safeguards to his posterity.

Mr. T. B. Bradford moved the adoption of the report, and referred to it in a brief but eloquent and complimentary speech, which was loudly applauded. The report was unanimously adopted, and, on motion, the convention adjourned.

The Prospect.

Conceding that the Radical Congress should admit all the Southern States, and force them under military and negro rule to vote for Grant, what are the prospects for electing a Democratic candidate?—This is a question often asked. Let us examine.

The whole number of electoral votes, the Southern States counted in, is 317. A majority of all is consequently 159.—To secure the election of our candidate, whoever he may be, will require the following States, most all of which have already indicated in tones unmistakable the bent of their inclination, and if we can believe with the Radicals that "Revolutions never go backwards," we may set down as certain for our nominee the following States:

Kentucky	11	California	5
Delaware	3	Oregon	3
Virginia	12	Nevada	3
Pennsylvania	23	Ohio	21
New Jersey	7	Illinois	16
New York	33	Indiana	13
Connecticut	6	Michigan	8

to say nothing of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and West Virginia, which are, to say the least, doubtful, and as likely to vote with us as against us. Thus it will be seen that the Democracy enter the contest with prospects as favorable as ever heretofore, and will doubtless, with a good and acceptable candidate, achieve a great victory. As for ourselves, we do not doubt the result, but have resorted to figures to satisfy the "croakers" who have no confidence in themselves or their principles.

THE PUBLIC MONEY APPROPRIATED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEGRO.—A Washington letter to the *Baltimore Gazette*, of Saturday last, says:

It is learned, upon authority, that the Arkansas and "Omniibus" bills will be vetoed by the President *pro forma*. Of course they will be passed by the requisite vote. I learn that the sections of the elaborate bill of Mr. Schenck modifying the existing tax laws in respect to tobacco, whiskey and stamps, will be embodied in a separate bill and finally become operative. Congress will probably adjourn on the 15th proximo. In the meantime, Mr. Stewart's bill legalizing the usurpations of Bowen and the negro municipal authorities of Washington will become a law, although it is plainly *ex post facto*. Also the bill continuing the Freedmen's Bureau. It is observable that not a single public measure has been perfected by the present Congress except those for the benefit of our "colored brethren," if the appropriations acts be excepted, and nine-tenths of the money thus provided outside of the interest of the debt incurred in their behalf have relation directly or indirectly to those interesting specimens of humanity. I despair of the whites of the country ever waking up to a realization of their subordinate condition.

DASTARDLY.—Some rascol, says the Wilmington Commercial, of Thursday, which had a reporter on the train, threw a stone into the car containing the delegates coming home from Dover last night, breaking a pane of glass, but doing no other damage. It was done somewhere near the Bear Station.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

We have a chapter of small accidents to chronicle to-day. Mr. Joub Cavender, of Bohemia Manor, was driving on Monday last, on a pile of brick in the street, opposite the site of the Town Hall, and a passing ox-cart, his horse shied and ran his carriage against the bricks, breaking one wheel to pieces.

Martin E. Walker, Esq. of this town, had one of his carriage wheels broken to pieces, on Tuesday, on the road between his farm at Armstrong's Corner and Middletown, by a man running into him with a deerhorn.

On Tuesday a horse and carriage from Odessa, was left standing in the street, when the horse took fright and ran away, upsetting the carriage and breaking one of the shafts.

Two men were at work on Tuesday, rough-casting the exterior of the Academy, when the scaffolding gave way, precipitating them to the earth, but fortunately they were not seriously injured.

The race on Tuesday, at Warwick, disappointed the expectations of those who were present to witness the sport. It was conceded that Mr. Kancley's roan mare was faster than Mr. Crawford's horse, but the race was no fair test. There was difficulty at starting, and both riders were thrown; the rider of the horse from the bolting of the animal, and the rider of the mare from the breaking of his stirrup leather, being considerably hurt by the fall. The affair ended in a muddle, and in the drawing of the stakes.

The County Commissioners for Kent county, Md. says the News, have levied the sum of five thousand dollars for a bridge across the Sassafras River at Fredericktown, in accordance with the provisions of a law passed at the last session of the Legislature. The Cecil County Commissioners have levied an equal amount, so that the building of the bridge will be placed under contract at an early day. The total cost of the work, it is estimated, will be from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars.

The trotting match between "Ceil," belonging to Mr. Samuel B. Ford, Jr. of Elkton, and Mr. Thomas Cochran's bay, will come off over the Warwick course, on Tuesday. It is said that the backers of the bay are rather afraid of the speed of "Ceil," though the time in which he has accomplished his mile, has been imparted to some persons here, but has not been made public.

We acknowledge the receipt, from Mrs. Martin E. Walker, of a basket of delicious strawberries, for which she will please accept our thanks. They were the largest and finest we have seen this season, and were grown on the farm of Mr. F. B. Stephens, near Odessa.

The ladies of St. Augustine Protestant Episcopal Church, will hold a Strawberry Festival, at St. Augustine, Cecil county, Md. on Wednesday, June 24th, commencing at 5 o'clock, P. M. for the benefit of the Church. Admission 10 cents.

One thousand barrels of vegetables passed over the Delaware Rail Road, from Norfolk, in one train, on Wednesday last, consisting of potatoes, tomatoes, beans and cucumbers, for the Philadelphia and New York markets.

It is estimated that over one thousand head of cattle have been driven through this town, this season, besides those which have gone through on the cars.

The Strawberry Festival at Odessa, will be continued this evening. At the close the remaining articles will be sold at auction.

It is said that Rev. Wm. Urie, of this town, will remove to Smyrna, and build himself a dwelling in that place.

The thermometer on Thursday, at noon, registered 104° in the sun. We are having summer weather, at last.

The proceeds of the Strawberry Festival which closed here on Saturday night last, were \$220 above all expenses.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE FULL OF SCHOLARS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—While the storm was at its height the Methodist church at Savanna, Illinois, used as a school-house, was struck by lightning. The school had been dismissed and the scholars were standing about the doorway waiting for the storm to subside, when a bolt of fire struck the gable end of the church, tearing off the siding about ten feet in width, reaching the lower sill and removing a large quantity of plastering on the inside, while the door-casing was shivered into fragments and the floor covered with ruins. At the time of the accident, as we have before stated, the scholars, about sixty in number, were huddled together in the doorway, and every one was more or less injured. One small boy had his boot taken off, and was thrown down by the shock, but soon recovered, picked up his boot and started for home. Miss Emily Sinclair had both shoes torn from her feet, the lightning in its course going near the instep down to the heel, leaving a zigzag scar around to the heel. The eyelids in the shoes were melted, while the feet of the girl were badly blistered, but, strange to say, the shock made her insensible but for a few moments. A. Saxton was seriously hurt, his body being badly blistered, but hopes are entertained of his recovery. One of the children, sitting in a doorway fifty feet from the church, was knocked down for a moment, but as soon as he could recover himself he rushed over and found four children apparently lifeless. They were carried home, and remained in that state for hours, but were finally resuscitated. The affair, as may be imagined, caused great excitement, and fathers and mothers, whose little ones chanced to be in the church, were almost bereft of reason. *Dubuque Times*, 7th inst.

Delaware Affairs.

THE STRAWBERRY TRADE.—Our growers have been shipping every day during the last ten in constantly increasing quantities, and the returns from New York have varied from forty to fifteen cents. The crop at these rates will prove moderately remunerative. Some of our largest growers engaged their whole crops to speculators at twelve cents the season through, delivered at the depot, and though those who ship them and take the risk of the market are ahead, so far, in price and profits, yet before the close of the season we have no doubt but that the others will come out the best. The crop is large and the price will recede during the coming week, in consequence of the enormous quantities that will go in from New Jersey. Delaware berries are so much in advance of those of Jersey that they do not come in competition with them during the first half of the season; but during the latter half the competition very much lessens, if it does not entirely destroy the profits of the Delaware grower. The Virginia growers get the cream of the market, and send their fruit for the same freight that we pay from Delaware. This results from the steamboat competition that the Delaware Railroad has from Norfolk to New York. The steamers will carry the fruit to market in the same time and at such low rates that the railroad company is compelled to put down the price to three cents per quart, or not get them to carry. Hence the Norfolk growers get the double or quadruple advance of two weeks earlier market and as low freight as growers here get. The strawberries that have been shipped from this place during the last week have almost been incredible in numbers. For an hour before the train leaves, wagons come in from all directions, filled with crates of strawberries. We think, generally speaking, that the strawberryers this season, are the finest we ever knew them to be.—*Mutual Friend*.

EXEMPTING FRUIT TREES.—On motion of Mr. Nicholson, of Delaware, in the House of Representatives, on Monday last, the Ways and Means Committee, were instructed to inquire into the expediency of allowing the cost of buying and planting fruit trees to be deducted from incomes.

A colored man named Nathan Walton, a resident of Smyrna, is one hundred and five years old, and is yet able to work all day in his garden, says the *Smyrna Times*.

WHEATLEBERIES.—The swamps in the lower part of this county will yield 20 thousand bushels of berries this season; some estimate them at fifty thousand bushels. These if gathered and shipped to New York, will help to repair the loss of other crops. *Sussex Journal*.

NOMINATION ELECTION.—The Republicans of New Castle co. held their nomination election last Saturday, and R. Lewis Armstrong was elected their candidate for Sheriff, and John Curry for Coroner.

The Odd Fellows of Delaware City will shortly hold a fair and festival in that town for the benefit of the order.

Radical Extravagance.

A Washington letter to the *Baltimore Sun* says:

Among the new items added to the legislative appropriation bill by the Senate committee is \$20,000 for the maintenance of the department of education, the commissioner of education to receive a salary of \$4,000, and to be allowed a chief clerk, one clerk of class four and one clerk of class three. The force of first-class clerks in the Adjutant General's office is increased from 20 to 40. The sum of \$40,000 is set down as necessary to supply members with newspapers and stationery, they having in addition the privilege of drawing as much stationery as they please from the supply kept on hand by the chief clerks of the two houses. The immense sum of \$71,748 is appropriated to pay the capitol police, whose only occupation at present is lounging about the cool places of the building. Senators need packing boxes for themselves and families, and therefore \$3,500 is appropriated out of the people's money for this purpose.

To make a show of economy, however, the expenses of clerical assistance at the Executive Mansion are reduced from \$18,800 to \$8,200, and to accomplish this, the appropriations for a short-hand writer, assistant secretary, clerk of pardons and two clerks of the fourth class are all struck out, and the entire clerical force on duty at the Executive Mansion reduced to a private secretary and one clerk of class four. Right in the face of this, the committee add a section providing that the government advertisements shall be inserted in one more newspaper in the city of Washington. One radical journal is supported here now by receipts through this source, amounting to over \$40,000 per annum, and the object of this provision is to extend this same bounty to another sheet of that persuasion.

THE RAILROAD ROUTE.—The *Kent News* of Saturday last, says: At the meeting of the Directors of the Kent county Railroad on Monday last, several important matters were under consideration. A resolution was adopted changing the location between Dwyer's and Belair, requiring the main stem to follow the ridge, instead of curving towards Chestertown from those points, as originally decided upon; and to reach Chestertown by a branch road from some intermediate point. The vote on this proposition was six for and five against it, Mr. Vickers who is known to be opposed to the change, being absent.

Some change has recently taken place in the Board of Directors, and it is possible that the route will again be changed before the road is commenced.

The Board also decided the offer of the Delaware Railroad company to build the upper section of the road from Massey's to Townsend. The Directors, we understand, are to have another meeting on next Tuesday.

At the meeting on Tuesday, nothing further was done in reference to locating the upper terminus of the road. The contractors have commenced work at Chestertown.

Henry W. Longfellow, the poet, arrived in England on Saturday last.

Political Items.

THE DEATH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—Don Platt, a Western Radical politician, whom many will remember as the flagman of General Schenck, once in command of this military department, has written a letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial* on the rise and fall of the Republican party, in which he sums up his conclusion as follows:

"We awoke to the unpleasant fact that not Andrew Johnson, but the Republican party, has been on trial, and the sentence is a sentence of death, rendered by our own Senators, who have grown fat, rich, and great through our organization. To have such a trial, with such a result (and Messrs. Fessenden and Trumbull knew it as well as the beginning as at the end) is a great blunder—a blunder worse than a crime. It may be that the disgust felt by the country at large for the Democratic peace party may call into existence a new organization; but the Republican party is dead, and we may as well gracefully admit the fact and accept the situation."

Mr. Logan gave notice in the House on Saturday that he would on Monday introduce a resolution for the removal of the seat of government from Washington on account of the continued disloyalty of its citizens. This is a standing threat revived every now and then to frighten property owners and others into quiet submission to congressional radical usurpations. Members may talk about the removal of the capital to their hearts' content, but it is very doubtful whether any other city would care to be subject to the domination of Congress if the capital of the nation is still to be the experimental ground for all sorts of political schemes.

MR. PENDLETON ON POLITICAL CONVERSATION.—A reporter of the New York Herald lately visited Mr. Pendleton, in Ohio, and attempted to get him into conversation for the purpose of publication. Mr. Pendleton's reply—the reporter tells the story himself—was: "As a friend, sir, I shall be happy to converse freely with you on any and all political subjects, but I will not do so for the sake of having it printed. These conversations between correspondents and public men are very ridiculous."

MCCLELLAN AND HANCOCK.—Gen. McClellan has written a letter from Europe to General Hancock, stating that he will arrive in this country in August next, and that he will not let his name be used in connection with the presidency. He cordially endorses General H. or any other good man who may be selected at the July convention in opposition to the radical nominations, and will take the stump in their behalf. *Wash. Express*.

At a late dinner in North Carolina, there sat down to the table three ex-Governors, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, two ex-Members of Congress, and some other men of honorable distinction in their State, and the only person in the room who could not vote or hold office was the negro who waited on the table. Such is reconstruction.

There is a prospect of change in the Treasury Department, and the National Intelligence Reviewer devotes a very long article to the demand that McCulloch's head shall come off. The *Cincinnati Gazette* says that Mr. Groesbeck, whose name has been proposed, "is an able man, and what is of special importance, just now, an honest man."

The majority for Smith, Democrat, for Congress, in Idaho, is over 1200. The Senate will stand 12 Democrats to 10 Republicans, and the Assembly 28 Democrats to 19 Republicans. The vote of the State is nearly 22,000, being the largest ever polled.

Owing to the split in the Radical Convention in Philadelphia the party have two candidates in the field for District Attorney, and it is stated that unless some compromise is effected the Democratic candidate will be elected.

The name of President Johnson has been stricken from the roll of honorary members of the Union League Club of New York. It don't hurt him much.

Senator Fessenden has declined a public dinner tendered him by citizens of Boston who endorse his course on impeachment.

The New London, Conn. city election went Democratic, on Monday, by about 70 majority on the average. The vote was unusually heavy.

The Conservative Convention of Union Soldiers and Sailors will be held in the Cooper Institute, New York, during the session of the National Democratic Convention.

Mound City, Ill. held its municipal election on Friday, and the Democrats were successful by a gain of 100 votes.

THE SUMMER RESORTS.—The summer migration from the large cities and towns to the seaside and the mountains may soon be expected to begin, and gradually enlarge with the increasing heats of the season. Perhaps there is no country on the face of the earth which has such a variety and number of attractive spots to summer visitors, in its mountains, valleys, cataracts, rivers, lakes, seaside, and medicinal springs. Which of them will be the most popular this season it is not easy at present to conjecture, but in Virginia, as is known, the old resorts are properly coming into favor under the opportunities now afforded for refurbishing and reviving their attractions.

The present terminus of the Delaware and Maryland road at Crisfield, does not give satisfaction, because of the lengthy water transit from Norfolk to Crisfield. And these Companies now purpose as soon as possible to have other routes surveyed with a view to extend the road down the peninsula to its natural and legitimate ultimate terminus, Cherrystone, from whence the steamboat transit to Norfolk is but short. *Newtown Record*.

STATE DIRECTORIES.—At a meeting of the board of Public Works, held at Annapolis on Monday, the 8th inst. Messrs. Samuel W. Spencer, Richard C. Johnson and William T. Spry were elected directors to represent the State in the Kent county Railroad Company; and Messrs. Lemuel Roberts, W. McKinney and Chas. J. B. Mitchell for the Queen Anne's and Kent Railroad Company. *Kent News*.

Items of News.

By later advices from South America we have a report that the Paraguayans in a recent engagement captured 800 prisoners and 6,000 horses from the Allies. It is also reported that the Allied iron-clads were sunk. Chili has sold, at a heavy loss, the iron-clads purchased from the United States Government, having found them to be worthless. Yellow fever is raging in Peru. About three thousand bricklayers met in New York on Monday night to consider the propriety of insisting upon eight hours' work a day, instead of ten, as at present. After a lively discussion it was resolved that on and after Monday next the day's work be reduced to eight hours, the wages also be reduced from \$5 to \$4.50.

The amount of the defalcation on the Hide and Leather National Bank, Boston, is ascertained to be \$575,000. The bank has a surplus of \$350,000, and the directors think a portion of the loss may be made up from premium on Government securities held by the bank, so that the capital stock will not be greatly impaired.

It is announced in the *Eastern Star* that Gov. Bowie has tendered the position of Secretary of State to Richard C. Holliday, Esq. of Talbot county, and that Mr. Holliday has accepted the appointment. Mr. Holliday was Secretary of State under Governor P. F. Thomas.

Another ocean yacht race is arranging in New York between vessels of only two and a half tons. Andrew Armstrong, the only survivor of the yacht John T. Ford and F. E. Fitch, mate of the Little Red, White and Blue, are to command the contesting vessels.

A steam boiler at the large saw and lumbering establishment of R. J. & W. Newell & Co. at Franklin, thirty-seven miles from Portsmouth, Va. exploded on Friday, killing three men and wounding eight others more or less seriously.

The D'Israeli English ministry propose to "appeal to the country." Parliament will be dissolved in October, and writs will then be issued for elections, which will take place in November, and on December 9th the new Parliament will meet.

The Toronto Globe professes to have positive and reliable information that the Fenian movement on Canada has already commenced, and calls on the Government to order into the field at once the whole volunteer and regular force.

The purchase of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is announced. The road, when completed, will furnish the Pennsylvania Central immediate connection with the principal routes west from Philadelphia to the Pacific.

McEttrick has accomplished the feat of walking one hundred miles in twenty-one hours, six minutes and 44 seconds, for \$1,000, and the championship of New England. Scott, his competitor, gave out on the ninety-eighth mile.

The treasurer of Clinton county, Ohio, was knocked down and gagged in his office on Wednesday, and the vault robbed of \$50,000 by thieves, who succeeded in effecting their escape.

Hon. Wm. Hancock died at his residence in Dudley, Mass. on the 14th inst. aged 76 years. Col. Hancock was a lineal descendant of John Hancock, of revolutionary memory.

Select Poetry
ROB WHITE.
BY R. G. RICHMOND.
Half way ripe is the way of life,
Abroad in the fields where it stands alone;
Left as a whisper, and scarcely heard,
The breath of the wind as it wanders by;
Hark! who is it, the voice I hear?
Calling aloud in the tall grain near—
"Rob White!"
Hotter each day grows the warm June sun,
A shade more purple the sky's deep blue;
And the bright sun rises here and there,
To sprinkle the leaves with its golden dew;
Hark! who is it, the voice I hear?
Calling aloud in the tall grain near—
"Rob White!"
"What does that little bird say, my son?"
The father asks of his fair-haired boy,
Who over the pond the wild willow runs,
And the humming bee pursues his song of joy,
"Rob White!"
Sounding aloud as the voices near,
And the innocent life of the child reply—
"Rob White!"
One shrill note and a whir of wings,
Away in a moment, flying low;
As over the leaves of the springing
The farmer lad with his rake and hoe;
Whistles the boy, while his big black eyes
Follow the flock wherever it goes—
"Rob White!"
A soft, sleek glow of a dusky brown,
And a speckled waistcoat of lighter shade,
Peeking to white where it reaches down,
With beechen of chestnut hair made;
"Rob White!"
This is he whom the voices near,
All day long in the ripening wheat—
"Rob White!"
Two half circles around the throat,
One pale streak on his forehead's crown,
And all over the back of his Quaker coat
Paler streaks of a yellowish brown;
"Rob White!"
This is he who follows and thrives,
Down in the wheat where he calls to his wife—
"Rob White!"
A famous Mormon he is, I find,
Full of love for the softer sex,
With a heart like an eagle's, quick and bold,
And a spirit fiery and the same;
"Rob White!"
It is his own or another's name,
That he keeps repeating always the same—
"Rob White!"
A few dried leaves and some bits of hay
Under a tuff of sheltering grass;
Hid in a hollow of a tree, as they pass—
Where only by chance a foot may pass—
Thus he calls now the nest is made—
Thus he will call till the eggs are laid!
"Rob White!"
Yellowish glows the little shell,
Speckled with brown like his own little breast,
Watched, and tended, and guarded well,
A dozen or more in the sunny nest;
"Rob White!"
Far too frequent, and somewhat dry,
The voice of our friend, as the days go by,
"Rob White!"
A smart young fellow, his son and heir,
Ready as once from the nest to roam;
Little of trouble and little of care,
Brings the boy to the mother at home;
"Rob White!"
Almost silenced the once clear tone,
Now that the season of love is flown,
There is the parent where the dew hangs damp,
Ever watchful of any harm;
Back to back in a circular camp,
Ready to rise at the faintest sound;
"Rob White!"
Sits from the time the twilight falls,
All through the night, while the shrill throat calls
"Rob White!"
By and by when summer is dead,
And the glowing hand of autumn weaves
Gorgeous patterns of red and gold,
With gold and brown in the orchard's leaves—
"Rob White!"
Down in the stubble ploughed,
No longer shall call as the bright days go—
"Rob White!"

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

WILSON AND HUMOR
Didn't Foster no such feeling.
Deacon Simes was an austere man, who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he received for "isterys" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the deacon, "and the money is his"; I'm only a stoat." They do say the deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cent, and he "wasn't goin' to mectin' till that was fixed up." "Why, deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? tim's yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm agoin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"
BRIGHT EYES.—A young man called on some ladies one evening, and staying rather late, one of the party gave him a gentle hint to go. Said she, "do you know how to have bright eyes?" "No, Miss," was his reply, "will you tell me?" "Yes," said she, "close them early and open them early." The young man took the hint and left.
We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's; that the former one, one Sunday morning, sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's—Christian Era.
A juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was excused.
"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."